



Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion





■ BY LIZ KAPSAND/I am 17 and a school dropout. Last spring when my classmates graduated from our mid-eastern suburban high school, I was not among them. I was recovering from what society terms a "nervous breakdown" after several months in a mental hospital.

If I hadn't personally gone through a psychiatric hospitalization, I might have continued to believe all those old fallacies: mentally ill people are possessed by the devil, "inmates" are kept in cages and straitjackets, psychiatrists are paid to listen to dirty stories all day, and the one that is least true—anyone who sees a psychiatrist is insane.

Because these myths must be exploded, I would like to share some of my experiences and feelings, feelings you may find familiar.

A mental disturbance, in my case a deep depression, is not like the measles; one does not wake up one morning and find visible little red

depression dots on one's body. Unfortunately, a depression lingers for years before one is lonely and unhappy enough—desperately sick enough—to do something about it. Now, truthfully, I regret having waited so many years. I waited because I was ashamed and afraid. Giving in to these feelings was perhaps my biggest mistake. No one expects a person to heal herself of a physical wound; why then should a person be expected to heal herself of a mental hurt? But that's what I expected.

By the time I was ten, I was very strange. At 16 thoughts of leaving school, needing professional help, and even suicide were not new to me. But I couldn't even turn to my family for help. My parents, in their early fifties, both have high school diplomas—my father is a salesman, my mother a housewife. I have two brothers, aged 25 and 28, who are college graduates. Cause my brothers were so

der, I grew up pretty much alone. Though my parents were physically home with me, their minds were often on my brighter, more rsonable brothers. My perfect selling paper in the fifth grade wasn't quite as exciting as my elder brother's winning a college scholarship and my other brother's election to the presidency of his freshman class in high school. The details of my life seemed to bore my parents. Once I felt loved only when they were proud of me, I began to study very hard in order to get good grades.

By the time I entered junior high, I was unhappy and lonely, so horribly, habitually lonely. I wanted someone to listen to me, but even when my parents did try, I was unable to really communicate with them. I can remember many a time when I would come home and be terribly upset because I didn't do as well on a test as I had hoped. My parents would say, "We'll love you a C student too." But as I've already mentioned, I felt loved only when they were proud of me, and parents brag about A's and B's, not C's. Mommy and Daddy meant well, but time after time following a conversation with them I would have an empty feeling. I guess I just wasn't desperate enough to make my loneliness heard.

I needed an escape and my only outlet was more schoolwork. Although junior high I did homework from four in the afternoon till ten

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at night. I didn't have time even to wash the dishes or make a bed. To try to achieve a semblance of normality and to please my parents, I managed to get elected to a Girls' Council and to the eighth-grade chorus. In both organizations I felt out of place.

Many girls date at 14. To me at that age, "boys" was the ugliest four-letter word in the universe. I never permitted a boy to know me well enough to ask me for a date. Getting a boy **not** to ask you out takes almost as much strategy as getting a boy to take you out. My actions always had to be under complete control—a smile, a sweet "thank you," a friendly "hello" can be encouraging to the opposite sex. Once a boy said to me, "Liz, I never saw your hair down before. I like it." I replied shortly, "You've seen it now," and fled to my locker.

I never looked down on any of my peers who were dating; actually I envied them slightly. Every girl yearns to be desirable and attractive to boys. Because I was sure I wouldn't appeal to boys or be worthy of their attentions, I shut boys out of my life before they could reject me.

In the tenth grade, once again

Youth /

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I was elected to Girls' Council and I joined one other club. Again my parents were pleased and I felt out of place. I tried to deny to myself that people were wondering why I didn't date, why I didn't wear makeup and why I didn't smile.

My relationship with other girls was not typical either. I had six close girl friends. All six were able to confide in me, but I was unable to confide in any of them. Since these girls were more intellectual than I,

I wanted someone to listen to me, but even when my parents tried, I was unable to really communicate with them.

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I didn't want to do too much talking and sound like a fool. In fact, I much preferred the role of concerned listener. One day Millicent, the saddest of the six, began to tell me about her parents' divorce and her unhappiness. I couldn't think of a thing to say to comfort her. What's more, I was disgusted with myself: my parents weren't divorced and I felt as unhappy as she was.

Not just my girl friends and teachers were beginning to ask about my social life. There really wasn't time for a social life. In the second half of my tenth-grade year I was taking English, Latin, biology and American history. I had to study till midnight every night, with so much to keep up my grade average.

ge as to maintain the image of myself as an aloof honor student. Also, getting good grades provided me with a sense of accomplishment. Near the end of that year, in April of '67, I began to daydream during school, and then because I wasn't sleeping well, I'd daydream some more until one or two o'clock in the morning. In my fantasy world became what I wanted to be in reality. I imagined myself grown up, so loving and so loved. No people I knew were in my fantasy, envisioned myself married and a other, but I didn't assign names, ages or any physical attributes to my husband and unfixed number of children. Through my imagination conjured an atmosphere of contentment and fulfillment. I continued daydreaming all summer. The more I fantasized, the less I could bear reality. Because the two worlds were so devastatingly different, weighing my fantasy against my reality was like comparing heaven and hell.

In September I went back to school—junior year, almost sweet 16, never had a date. In October I dropped geometry, which left me with only three subjects. In November my favorite aunt, a few years younger than my mother, died of heart failure. Suddenly I realized that someday my parents would die. Remnants of every argument we'd ever had tore through my mind. Long ago, I had lost count of how many times my parents told me in

In my fantasy world I became what I wanted to be in reality. I imagined myself grown up, so loving and so loved.

anger: "You'll be the death of us." I was filled with intolerable guilt. Also ahead of me was separation from friends, from the school secretary who mothered all the students and from teachers (I had a crush on two of them). In both cases, the teacher represented the completely unattainable older male. It was quite safe to be in love with them, especially Mr. Klein. Mr. Klein wasn't at all a glamorous idol: he was warm and real and greatly loved his wife and three children. Like the school secretary, Mr. Klein made the time to become involved with his students.

I felt incapable of loving or being loved in the real world and I felt destined to fail in life. My loneliness had become acute. By the second week of the second semester I had failed at least one test in each of my three subjects. At home I sat for hours looking at my open books, but all I saw were black spots on white paper. It didn't bother me one bit that I couldn't study. I was actually relieved; I wouldn't have to pretend to be normal any longer. At last I admitted that what I needed and wanted was **more** than a good education—I needed help.

On the evening of February 12, 1968, feeling like a punctured spray can released of pressure, I told my parents that I was sick and couldn't go to school anymore. My parents were mature, wise, and above all, loving enough to understand that I was saying something more than those few words. My declaration was a desperate cry for help. If my parents had either forbidden me to stay home from school or tried to tell me that I wasn't ill, I might have been driven to the point of drastic demonstration—a suicide attempt—to prove that I was seriously upset. The act of suicide says to the family of the one who tries to take his or her own life, "See what you've done to me—you made life unlivable for me." The idea of ending your life can be a comfort. As Friedrich Nietzsche, the 19th-century German philosopher, remarked, "The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night."

My parents took me to an internist, for we all hoped something

minor physically would be wrong with me. Inhaling and exhaling drained me of strength, talking was actually painful, my head and stomach ached. Once inside the doctor's office, I refused to talk to him, I only cried. I felt too tired to concentrate on what the doctor was saying, and besides, I just wanted to be left alone. After I had cried for 15 minutes, he arranged for my parents to see a psychiatric social worker.

My parents saw the social worker once a week and gave her the family case history. At the beginning of March an appointment was made for me to see a child psychiatrist as an outpatient at the nearby university's psychiatric hospital. (The clinic has a sliding fee scale to make it possible for even poor people to get help.) My reaction was not one of hallelujah. Not only did my parents think I was crazy, they thought I was still a child and sent me to a lady doctor to save me embarrassment. I was irritated. Throwing the largest tantrum ever, yelling protests and physically pushing away, I was escorted to my appointment. Absolutely 100 percent antagonistic, I walked into the "shrink's" office, sat down and stared out the window rather than at the young woman facing me.

"I am a child psychiatrist and would like to help you, Liz."

Silence.

"Liz. How do you feel about seeing me?"



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No answer. For the entire 50 minutes (an analytical hour) I said nothing and never turned away from the window.

"I would like to help you. I want to see you again in a few days," said the doctor as she dismissed me.

I walked out with mixed emotions. Intellectually I knew I needed help, help that only a trained, objective person could supply. There was no real reason for being ashamed of being mixed-up and trying to put myself back together, even though at this time I felt like Humpty Dumpty and was certain that all the doctors couldn't put me back into one piece. But emotionally I felt that psychiatrists are only for nuts," and I was terribly humiliated at the prospect of being in therapy. It was as if my emotions were a raging fire and my logic a fireman trying to extinguish it. Unfortunately, the fire was stronger than the fire fighter.

I had started to lose weight. At first I stopped eating to convince my parents that I was really ill, but after several days I couldn't even look at food. I flatly refused to open my mail or talk to my friends. I didn't want to hear about their problems or their good times. My

behavior upset my parents tremendously and, to an extent, that was my intent. Obtaining professional help for me was testimony of their love for me. More than once they must have asked themselves where they went wrong, how they failed me. Truly, no one is at fault, no one is to blame.

I was determined not to feel better and return to school. Throughout six visits to the psychiatrist, I stared out the window without answering a single question.

After the seventh session the doctor decided that I required hospitalization. Again my intellect and emotions were fighting. Logic assured me that I wasn't insane and I wasn't being committed, put away like a criminal. Emotions taunted that I would never be able to face anyone again. Escaping from my friends and relatives was my sole motive for submitting to being hospitalized. Heartbroken, my parents signed the admission papers on the evening of April 10, 1968, at seven o'clock. Earlier that day I watched Martin Luther King's funeral on television. The world seemed completely insane.

Upon first sight the hospital was almost a disappointment—it simply wasn't a snakepit. There were private and semiprivate rooms; I was to share one. Inside were a dresser with a mirror, two single beds with spreads, two closets, two night lamps, three chairs and a phone. The biggest surprises for me were

One hundred percent antagonistic, I walked into the "shrink's" office, sat down, and stared out the window.

the unbarred, curtained windows and the bathroom. I never expected "psychos" were given this much dignity.

The rest of the floor held the nurses' station, examination room, a laundry (for patients to do their own), a kitchen (patients could make themselves snacks anytime), a linen room (patients made their own beds, but housekeepers dusted and washed the floors daily), a group dining hall, a pay phone and three conference rooms where doctors often talked to their patients. There was also a patients' lounge with a television set, ping-pong table, piano and record player. Outside was a courtyard with patio furniture and markings for hand games. To my astonishment, there was not one couch present.

That first evening after my parents went home I cried, and I have a hunch they cried too. We were all so afraid. Soon after they left, my roommate started talking to me. Mrs. Cook was dreadfully depressed (her husband was divorcing her) and depressing. She wasn't the way I liked to picture a 39-year-old woman. When Mrs. Cook would phone her 17-year-old daughter, she sounded like the child instead of the mother. She'd cry over the

telephone; my sympathies went to the girl. She'd tell me condescendingly, "You're only a child, you can't know about real unhappiness" or "You don't look sick." These statements reinforced my fears of being "batty," of not being legitimately ill.

The other patients were people from all walks of life—Christians and Jews, blacks and whites, rich and poor, lawyers and housewives, young and old. I was the youngest on the adult floor. I detected a code, an "in-group" feeling. They looked sad and bewildered but strangely relaxed in a tense way. While being in the hospital meant being unhappy, it also meant security and having other people around. One of the favorite pastimes was comparing problems. Misery does love company, and I found out about someone else's plight one can temporarily flee from one's own. Some of the patients had been in the hospital before. I found this fact very discouraging.

At ten o'clock the doctor on duty came in to make the admitting, mental and physical examination. He asked me if I knew what depression was, and I knew; next he asked me to count down from one hundred by sevens, which I did; then he had me repeat a series of numbers. I am certain he had an easier time recording the rhythm of my heartbeat than the cadence of my soul. When he asked me why I was so unhappy, I responded with

nce. This silence was no longer provoked by stubbornness; I was petrified at what I might say and how the doctors and nurses might interpret my words. During the previous three years I had read Freud, Jung and Adler. Dr. Haim Ginott, the child psychologist, and Dr. William Glasser, developer of Reality Therapy, were my heroes. Somehow I managed to forget everything I had read explaining that psychiatrists are trained to be objective and do not judge their patients; all I remembered were the jokes about Freud being a dirty old man.

Each patient has a "follow nurse," the person who spends approximately two hours a day with each of her two or three patients, talking, listening, walking, playing checkers, following the patient's progress throughout her hospital stay. Miss Clark was my nurse, young and pretty, and I liked her right from the beginning. But even with Miss Clark I was afraid of what might let slip if I relaxed and talked to her.

As I was sitting on my bed thinking that the hospital wasn't a hell hole and that I was a spoiled brat who shouldn't be depriving a really nice person of a place there, my thoughts were interrupted by a gentle knock on the door. I glanced and saw a young (thirtyish) short-haired, smiling man in glasses and a white suit: my new doctor, Dr. Daily. In the next 30 minutes

he asked the same questions as my previous doctors. My response of staring out the window and not answering had become almost an automatic reflex. He left me, however, with the impression that he was a sincere, kind man.

Occupational therapy followed lunch. Crafts ranged from enameling copper to woodworking. (I had thought there would be only basket-weaving.)

On my mother's first visit we exchanged few words: I told her my new doctor's name was Daily and she told me that the hospital bedspread was nice. That was all.

The routine was the same day after day. Nurses came in, meals were ready, occupational therapy, my parents' faithful evening visits and the Monday-through-Friday sessions with Dr. Daily. I looked forward to these because for at least half an hour I had his undivided attention. Yet I dreaded them because I was afraid I would say something to incriminate myself. My anger made me feel culpable; my ambivalence toward boys mortified me. The fear of my feelings made it impossible for me to look directly at the doctor; I thought he might see the truth reflected in my eyes.

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At one point a psychologist gave me personality and intelligence tests. I didn't see too much in the ink blots and I couldn't work up any enthusiasm for making up stories for the pictures shown me. As for the intelligence tests, I simply couldn't concentrate on the questions. I shall always be grateful that neither Dr. Daily nor the psychologist ever labeled me (neurotic, psychotic, manic-depressive . . .). I was not "classified" like a mounted bug in an eighth-grade insect collection.

With the end of my second week came an interview with Dr. Daily, his supervisor and one other resident. As I walked down to the air-conditioned conference room, my feet felt as if they were marching in my own funeral procession. Once inside the room I could feel all six eyes focused on me. I couldn't stare out the window because the supervisor was sitting in front of it, so I stared at the floor. I felt like a prisoner of war; every time I was asked why I was so sad, I hurt as if the question had been a form of Chinese bamboo torture.

"Liz, do you consider yourself depressed?" probed the supervisor.

"I'm not depressed here; I am suppressed," I said sarcastically.

The interview lasted only minutes, but when I returned to my room I was so exhausted that I felt as if I were a tiny atom being sped by a huge cyclotron.

Time passed, but my withdrawal didn't. It took less spirit to passively resign than actively rebellious. After a month in the hospital I was still staying in my room as much as possible. I was not eating or sleeping well, though I was given vitamins each morning and sleeping pills at night.

When my roommate was discharged in mid-May, I was quite envious. In fact, I panicked. As I had entered the hospital to escape from home, I now wanted to go home to flee from the hospital.

To convince Dr. Daily that I was ready to be discharged I went for walks with the nurses, made an effort to eat my meals and write to my closest friends. I also had tried to explain to him why I was unhappy. But my feelings were so frightening that I still couldn't look Dr. Daily in the eye.

Finally Dr. Daily agreed to let me write daily letters to him describing my feelings, promising not to read them in my presence. Although writing was easier than talking, because it was more distant, some of my most painful thoughts were so terrifying to put on paper. I did not want to give the doctor any information.

nation that could cause him to reject me. Before I handed him the papers, I would ask my student nurse to read them. Only after she had accepted what I had written without laughing was I able to give the letters to the doctor. In them I complained mainly about being overworked. I never divulged my fantasy about being a happy wife and mother—that was too personal to be shared.

In late May Dr. Daily let me go home for the weekend. When I returned, I found a new roommate waiting. Mrs. Boyer was 26 and mother of three small children. She tried not to show her unhappiness, confusion and loneliness. The most disturbing scene I saw in the hospital was Mrs. Boyer and her husband looking at each other with profound sadness while tears rolled down their children's cheeks. I didn't understand why so many young women with families became lonely, but in every one of them I saw myself in five or six years.

By Memorial Day, for many reasons, I had decided to go back to school in the fall. My homeroom had sent me flowers. The school secretary wrote me two letters. Mr. Klein called to find out how I felt. People honestly appeared to care about me and accept me. Also, I thought that by taking five courses I could remain with my class.

On June 6, 1968, after eight weeks in the hospital, I was discharged. I had met no one there that I would damningly dub insane.

These people may have been mixed-up and may have acted strange, but the reasons for their confusion lay in their emotions, emotions perhaps originally not unlike yours. I was being thrown back into the maddest rat race—the real world—and I didn't really want to return yet. I knew that five subjects were too much for me in the fall. Although I saw Dr. Daily five times at the clinic as an out-patient later, I could feel my old, awful loneliness begin to surge again even before he left to go into the Navy. He was gone before I had gathered the courage to look directly at him.

I had become exactly like those people I found so discouraging that first night in April; the hospital meant security to me. After four weeks at home I was readmitted. This time I wasn't afraid of the "nut house;" I was comfortable there.

The security cushioned my defeat. In July there were two other 17-year-old girls on the floor, both runaways—Joan, a bright recent high school graduate, and Jill, a junior who had taken drugs. If we had been going to the same school we most likely would not have known one another at all. We were not friends; we needed one another to

Discharge . . . I was being thrown back into the maddest rat race—the real world—and I didn't really want to return.

remind us that our unhappiness was not unique.

Dr. Hoffman, my new psychiatrist, persuaded me to return to school in the fall taking only one or two subjects. This "prescription" meant repeating my entire junior year. It was bitter medicine to swallow.

I was discharged again in August, but this time I felt ready to leave. Dr. Hoffman would be out of town for the rest of the month. To prevent my loneliness from becoming acute again, he arranged for me to return to the hospital for several hours daily to talk to the nurses and the doctors. This "day care" smooths the transition from hospital life back into society.

Miraculously, I made it back to school in September. I registered for one course, senior English (which I was allowed to take to be with my friends). It was awkward facing my contemporaries, particularly those who thought I had died of cancer, but somehow I managed to muddle through.

I continued to see Dr. Hoffman at least once a week as an outpatient. When I was upset I saw him more often. By not demanding that I look at him or talk to him, he conveyed a very special and important message to me. It was a message of acceptance, acceptance of all of me, including my fears, which had a great deal to do with my reticence—"resistance" in psychiatric jargon. I was so lonely that I lived strictly for my appointments with the doctor. Then when the

time arrived, I couldn't wait to be alone.

At mid-year the preparations for graduation began. I had worked just as hard as anyone else in the graduating class for 12 years, but I was not graduating. Angry, resentful, hurt, once again, on February 12, 1969, I was compelled to leave school. It was easier the second time.

I still see Dr. Hoffman weekly. Now and then it gets uncomfortable for an adolescent girl to pour out all of her intimate thoughts to a grown man, a man whom I sometimes love and sometimes intensely dislike. The one thing about Dr. Hoffman that most won my trust and respect was his tremendous love of his family. By talking about his own life the doctor was sharing an integral part of himself.

It is more than a year now, perhaps ten million tears and hundreds of empty antidepressant-pill boxes since I first sought psychiatric help. I still have bad days when I feel like a tornado that is blowing itself up in its own funnel and swooping up everyone in its path. But they are diminishing and I tolerate myself a little better. Perhaps these changes are due to growing up and finding myself at last.

It is more than a year now since I sought psychiatric help. I still have bad days, but they are diminishing.

Haiti

Is this a young people's kind of country?

When Artist Allan Eitzen and his family visited Haiti, they met people who were young and old, city and rural, rich and poor. On the following pages, Allan pictures these experiences through his illustrations, and his wife, Ruth, writes of Haiti through the eyes of its youth.



richly decorated "elite" or upper class home. In the center, rear, is the dome of the presidential palace.

Portraits of Haiti

■ What is it like to be young in a country discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492? You say: I know. But this particular country is the one you are thinking of. It is where Columbus lost the Santa Maria where he started his first colony in the new world. Beautiful and rich, a pearl in the sea, still it was not our own land Columbus spoke of when he wrote, "There could never be under the sun lands superior in fertility, mildness of cold and heat, in abundance of good and pure water" when he lived "a gentle people, who walk in beauty."

It was not our land Columbus spoke of so enthusiastically to his king. There was another, an island country, which like ours won its independence, and not long after we won ours. A far different independence it was, won by rebelling African slaves and free part-Negro descendants of the French settlers. This country is Haiti, a primitive-modern land of contrasts. The building of contrasts, which began with the wiping out of Columbus' "gentle

Country market day, held twice a week, sells everything imaginable from leeches to lunch.

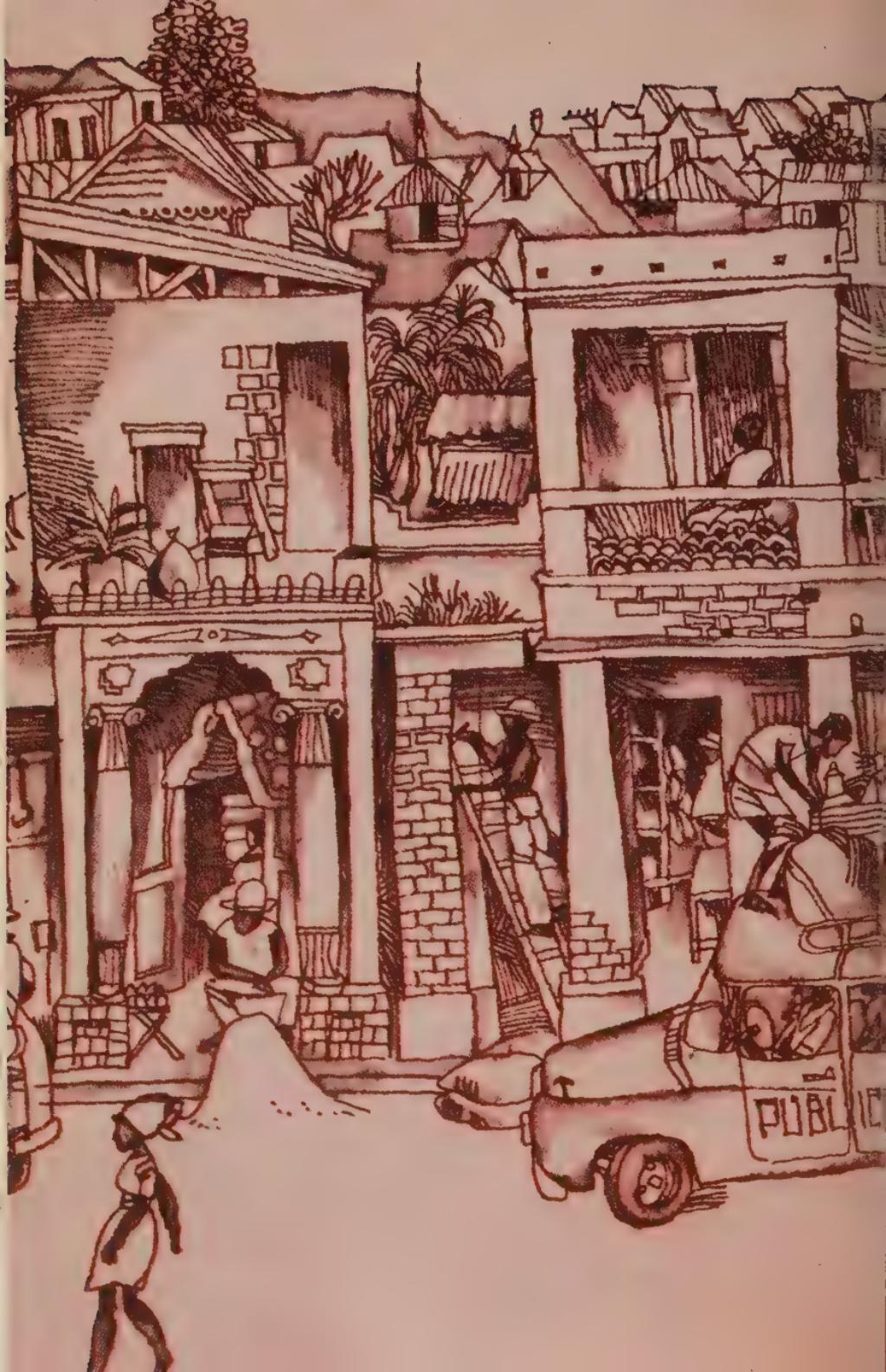


ople," the Indians, by the gold-hungry Spaniards and went forward with the colonizing of the fertile land by the French with their Negro slaves, continues unabated ever since the revolution, under the auspices of the often-changed governments of the Black Republic. Many questions remain unanswered after a visit to Haiti. This is just one of them: "What is it like to be young in the 20th century moon walk one elbow and the dawn of history at the other?"

Juliette/Ask Juliette, who reads surely under the flamboyant trees after a swim in the pool of her family's summer estate. Juliette has the bearing of an aristocrat, befitting one who bears the old elite name of a family of wealth and culture. Sharing some visible common African ancestry with the girl about her own age who walks below the estate wall, balancing a basket on her head, on the way to the city market, she is nevertheless worlds apart in her cosmopolitan French upbringing. But the girl with a basket walks like a queen herself, like a person who knows who she is and is not dissatisfied. In a world boiling with change, especially among youth in other parts of the world, it seems an anachronism beyond understanding. Juliette has spent much of her childhood abroad.



dry mountainside crop is carried to market on the head of a woman or girl.





(Picture on preceding pages)

The capital city of Port-au-Prince is a swarm of human activity. Vendors line the streets. The overloaded, aging taxis are held together by Haitian ingenuity.

Juliette has had her training as a nurse in the United States and speaks English with a midwestern accent. She says, "Some of my friends are lost when they get to other countries and do not have a servant to wait on them. But my mother had us make our own beds and do a few things for ourselves, so it was not too bad for me. It is wonderful, though, to get here and be waited on."

Juliette's profession brings her into contact with the problems of her country's many poor, and she is not callous to them. It is said that the mere presence of a young Haitian professional in his homeland is proof of his social consciousness. The advantages abroad are so great in contrast to those at home that most young Haitian doctors and other professionals are leaving the country, though their life in Haiti has an old world leisureliness and elegance not likely to be found in the pressured pace of a modern economy. There are political uncertainties but this has little affect upon the life of the peasants who are much pre-occupied with their day-to-day needs. When you ask Juliette if the young people of her social class are satisfied with the way things are run, or if they are interested in having a voice in the government, the answer is a smile. Is it because the question is a delicate one for the daughter of a public servant, or because the young people actually do not feel the impatience and desire for action many of their contemporaries elsewhere are feeling?

Juliette's chic appearance and vivacity make it hard to believe she is a swinger. But no, she is not a great habitué of the Choucoune, the favorite night club of the elite young people, with its loud and lively musicians and graceful Haitian dances. One of the favorite pastimes of Juliette's Protestant young people's group is discussion. Plays, books, world events. Sometimes they work with music and drama. During the school year, the students have very much work and there is little time for outside activities.

On the subject of social life, Juliette says: "Our young people mature much later than Americans. Steady dating is not a practice, and even group dating begins much later than in the States. A fellow who wants to go out with a girl must ask the girl's parents first." Social life in Haiti is augmented by the telephone, which is almost non-existent even in the cities, nor by travel, as roads outside the environs of Port au Prince are few and often impassable. Juliette says, "My mother and I can talk about anything, but that isn't usual. The older generation usually can't talk the same language as the younger one, because they live a more formal life."

times are changing, the placid, care-free home life which Juliette and her friends lead during their summer vacation does not indicate it.

una And there is Kuna, the girl going down the mountain to market past Juliette's wall. She is one of countless girls like her in Haiti. The question "What is it like to be young here and now?" would mean nothing to her. She has no basis for comparison. Her life is not much different than that of her African ancestors before western history began. She is lucky to be alive at all. Born in a hurricane, surviving starvation in a drought, she is fortunate now to have her yard-wide basket balanced on her head with a nest of live chickens hobbled atop a mountain of carrots and cabbage. Her trip is taking more than a day, and she slept along the trail beside her basket, a thunderstone in her pocket embodying the ancestral African family bond, and a rosary of Job's tears and flamboyant seeds around her neck for her prayers to Mary and the saints. At the first breath of dawn, at the crowing of her rooster struggling to stand above his captivity, she awakes and hurries once more, barefoot and graceful, down the rocky trail to the city market. No telephones, television or roads reach her home. Like 90 per cent of

terior of a mission hospital. Grandma waits for child to awake for feeding.



her countrymen, she could not read the printed word even if it reached her. When asked, "Do you know there are two men on the moon right now?" Kuna is not amazed. Perhaps she has believed, like another Haitian girl who told her American friend on that great day, "Oh, I thought you always flew back to America by way of the moon." The moon is far from Kuna's home when you think about it. High on the mountain, Kuna sees it rise nightly behind her thatched home.

Henri/At the moment Henri is enjoying his conversation with the American high school girls who have come to spend several weeks in service-exchange at his school. But, handsome, chestnut-brown Henri in his bright print shirt did not always live like this, and it is likely he harbored some uneasiness at the prospect of his future. Sixteen now, at five Henri was a beggar, the sole support of his baby brother and himself. His mother had been jailed following a street brawl, and Henri was on his own. Taken in by the sister at the St. Trinité Episcopal School, he was kept by a series of families while receiving his education. Life has not been easy even so, and his companions have not let him forget his beginnings. Other children at the school are poor too, but their parents pay their way by making baseballs, bringing in eggs, or doing what they can. Children themselves make pictures and crafts to help earn their way. But Henri has greater ambitions. Somewhere along the line, no one knows where, he has picked up the idea of becoming a doctor. Meanwhile his school career has been a checkered one, governed by changes of mood and fortune. Can a boy like Henri afford to be a moody adolescent? That is what he is. But the Sister knows her boys and has guided many through the ups and downs of their careers. Just now an important telegram has arrived, crucial for Henri, and she is filled with triumph. Almost miraculously, on the basis of others' faith in him, he has been accepted in an excellent Jamaican school. "This is your big chance, Henri. Do not disappoint me," she tells him, pulling no punches.

It has not been long that a Haitian boy like Henri, without name or family, could have an ambition like this. It is most unusual for a peddler woman's son to become a doctor, but it recently happened. Another student, taking his final exam to become a doctor, gave his name as Li Fait Si cerement Petit Michael (translated, "He Is Sincerely Born Little Michael"), one of the meaningful names often invented by peasants on the occasion of birth. Upon hearing this name the elite physician making the examination nearly jumped out of his seat. "Mon Dieu! Things like this just can't happen!" he cried. "Who are *you* with a name like this?" But it can happen and did. The time is past when the elite can have a monopoly on the professions. "Papa Doc" Duvalier, the President of Haiti himself not from an elite family, helps to see to that.

Will Henri realize his dream? It is up to him now.

Fatrat/How does Ti Fatrat (Little Trash) feel about being young in Haiti? He is not very little, and has humor mixed with cunning. reigns like the view of mountain peaks from the banana grove. They are taking pictures of the thatched, handmade mud-and-wattle huts. And, Ti Fatrat likes to see how much cash he will be able to extract from them. That will be his game for the day. He speaks some French, which says he has been in school nowhere for a little while. Probably he walked ten miles to get to his place. Begging used to be unknown in the mountains, but by now the word has gone round. Unnecessary services, bunches of flowers from children, are pressed upon the unsuspecting visitor in hope of a few coins in return. The friendliness and hospitality of the Haitian people has become disconcertingly mixed with hope of gain. Ti Fatrat is aware of your discomforture and he will test it to the full. "But you are strong," we say, when after first begging for various old and young who dwell in the huddle of huts he ends by begging for himself, "you can take care of yourself."

Actually, Ti Fatrat is an example of the survival of the fittest. His now dead, pipe-smoking mother had many children. Each in turn was loved and pampered, but each died at an early age. Finally deciding they had used the wrong tactic, they named the last baby Ti Fatrat—Little Trash, and decided they would let him fend for himself and treat him like garbage. Little Trash saw through the ruse, thrived, grew, and learned many a trick of his own which will stand him in good stead. Somehow you cannot imagine a clever fellow like him hoeing away the rest of his life in a roomed bean patch or a perpendicular hillside corn field. But you can see him organizing a coumbite for spring planting or fall harvest, an old Haitian custom which causes the mountains to reverberate with drum beat and folk song, while the handforged hoes of neighborhood farmers rise and fall in rhythm down the fields of each in turn. These work parties, each followed by its feast, are gala occasions. There will be other festivals too, seasonal



Mountain Grandmother with pipe and punk. Only one of her many children grew up, but she has many relatives of all ages.



Tinted syrup in salvaged whiskey bottles is poured over shaved ice and served on most any street corner. The printed word magic in Haiti, and ice wagon or taxi complete without motto — celebrating among others, God and the ladies: La Fem chic; Toujours ti Man Dieu bon Dieu.

and religious. There is often occasion for music and dancing. Pleasures are day to day, just as trouble is. Ti Fatrat is a true Haitian, living each day as it comes, and savoring pleasure to the full. He is a real Haitian too if he believes what so many city tap-taps and country camions proclaim in fancy brilliant letters to their largely illiterate passengers: The good God is good; God is all Powerful; Eternal God. Whatever happens the Haitian, young or old, accepts. Whatever he is, he is not proud. And most people who know him say that he is happy.

Marissa/Ask a young nurse, just graduated with top honors among the student nurses this year in Haiti, how she feels about life just now. Her elite father who is very proud of her success is giving a party in her honor and invited all her friends. He educated her, his daughter by his mistress of the lower class, in the accepted Haitian manner. She herself will never be elite, but her education assures her a comfortable life in Haiti's unextensive middle class. The party is a great success. All but her father's family appear, with the exception of his wife, who had a conflict

engagement. Evidence that it is not an elite social occasion is ample when the elaborate buffet supper totally disappears in a matter of minutes, leaving not so much as a chicken bone. This remarkably adept version of the doggy bag trick without the bag leads the onlooker to believe that the guests are equipped with plastic-lined pockets. The edible souvenirs thus disposed of, the party continues at a spirited pace, and the music and dancing begin. Her father spends a good part of the evening dancing with the guest of honor, who will shortly begin her career in any of a goodly, but grossly inadequate, number of mission, government, or foreign-run private hospitals. She will probably remain in Port au Prince, because the other smaller cities of Haiti are so isolated due to poor or impassable roads that they seem to be at the other side of nowhere.

Sandy/Sandy is the 17-year-old son of an American missionary family deeply involved in Haitian life. At the age of one week he was introduced to the world in a basket on the head of his nurse. His first language was Creole, and all his playmates were the children of Haitian peasants. How fortunate he felt these friends were in their marvelous freedom. Sandy spent all the time he could at their homes. There it was not necessary to keep feet off furniture, because the furniture was made from hollow logs. No need to clean feet—the floors were mud. No table manners to observe, there was no table. The family squatted about the cooking fire to eat their beans, rice, and cassava cakes. Baths were fun at the distant spring in the ravine, where the water flowed clear over limestone pebbles white as snow. One of these baths was the occasion of an awakening as all of them grew older. Sandy took off his clothes along with the rest, and suddenly they noticed. "Li blanche! (He is



A boy guides his blind grandmother at the market.

white)" his friends noted with mingled surprise, pity, and disgust. But life went on and awakenings increased. It took Sandy almost a year of kindergarten among the elite children with their impeccable clothes and manners to realize that they too were Haitians. His own days of freedom were shortening, along with those of his playmates. For them it would be hoe and pick-axe, for him books and pen, which would slowly steal away their idyllic childhood on the Haitian mountain-side.

But he began to share the peasants' life in a new way, much as they shared their meager goods with each other in time of need. During electrical blackouts he held a lantern in the mission hospital while the doctors sewed deep wounds or finished operations. And after the devastations of hurricane Flora in 1965 while his father was in America and his mother was busy locating medical supplies, Sandy at 12 was the only one available who knew the remote mountain peaks of Nouvelle Touraine, to guide the U. S. Navy helicopter pilot in his mission to drop emergency supplies. It was not possible to land because of the steepness of the mountains, and even the pilots of this special craft dreaded flying in the Haitian mountains. Nevertheless, they made the way up Riviere Froide, over the rain forest, toward the foot of the highest mountain, where they were to drop the supplies in the yard of a rural policeman. Suddenly the chopper hit a downdraft; there was a tearing and a crashing of the fuselage. Supplies were jettisoned with a push of a button, and they forced their way up through a hurricane-beaten mango tree. They landed minus a wheel and with torn fuselage back across the bay. Wrote Sandy, "Then I realized how close our lives had come to ending at the foot of Tete Palm, Nouvelle Touraine. I still dream of flying."

On his visits to America when he was younger, Sandy observed and wondered that in America people seemed to be fat, rich and unhappy, while back in Haiti they were poor, contented and smiling. Returning home after school, he found with some sadness that his close ties with the friends of his earliest world were loosening. Now they are busy daily wresting their living from among the mountain fields. Soon he will be leaving once more, to study aeronautics in an American university.



Haitian scavenger stands by decorative mud hut. Every Haitian is a craftsman and Haitian art is famous.

So the young people are a study in contrasts in this land of contrasts. Haiti is a country where a huge palace can stand 100 yards from a mud hut; which though the most densely populated country of the West and one of the poorest, has one of the lowest crime rates. It is one of the few places left where one can always feel safe on the streets and roads; a land formerly rich in forests and tropical growth, now denuded to the very mountaintops in the search for food and living; a country of small farmers, whose land is rapidly washing into the sea.

Haiti is a place where large dreams—large highways, large dams, large industries, large grants of foreign aid—crumble and come to ruin, but where people-sized dreams live and grow. Schools, art and craft centers, missions, projects in community development, agriculture, erosion and flood control—dotted all over Haiti, with encouraging cooperation and response from the Haitian people. But will small dreams grow fast enough to save the once fertile land of Haiti? Is this, then, a young people's kind of country? American college students there for a 14-week study-service term last summer were fascinated by the land and its warm-hearted people. They turned to love and respect the elite families with whom they lived as "sons" and "daughters," as well as the peasants and common people with whom they worked. They felt that a new world had been opened up to them, and they left it with regret. Perhaps because it is a man-sized sort of world.

Farmers with their small plots traditionally cooperate in planting and harvesting, moving from one farm to another and making a gala affair out of it. Often hoes or sickles and fall to the rhythm of drums and folksongs.



YOUTH ASKS AND ANSWERS WHAT IS

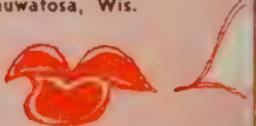


■ Some time ago, we asked the youth across the U.S. and Canada who make up our "Youth Forum Contact Group" the question, "What question would you like to ask other members of the Contact Group?" We received many varied and interesting questions, which we compiled in another questionnaire and sent back out through the mail. Here, then, are the answers we received to the question raised by Miss Crista Turner (17) of Nickerson, Kan., "HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE LOVE?" ■

Love is love is love is love is . . . —Jim Amelang/16/Louisville, Ky.

Love is knowing someone's mind well enough to help them in time of spiritual need; it's wanting to be with someone all the time and wanting them to love you. —Chris Schnepf/15/Wauwatosa, Wis.

I wouldn't dare, it would only destroy it.
—Don Westervelt/15/Los Alamos, N. M.





Teenage love (between a boy and girl) is groovy, and wild and full of strong, changing emotions. Teenage-parent love is arguments, understanding, sorrow and happiness and knowing they're there and want you. Love between friends is sharing ideas and maturing together.

—Mary Gardner/17/Goshen, Ind.

more of a strong feeling for the person
nselves than for his or her body, or looks. It's
eeling of tranquility when you're with him or

—Kristine Wunsch/17/Portland, Ore.

Are you kidding? No bounds should be put on
love by anyone, not even Webster.

—Keith Mahan/17/Salisbury, Md.

is the root of un-
standing and vice
a. Love is under-
standing others and
ing concern for
good of others.
e is carrying the
k the extra mile.

—Bonnie Giese/16/
Milwaukee, Wisc.



Love is the sharing of
happiness and hardships,
the living and exploring
of life that two people
do together.

—Ed Thomas/17/Milwaukee, Wisc.

Love is the emotion that binds people together.

—John J. Yukimura/17/Lihue, Hawaii

ther four letter word. Really—I don't know. I love
family and others, but I've never had my love tested
don't know what it means or really is, or how much
ke for granted.

—Vicki Hayes/16/Defiance, Ohio

lly respect. Respecting oneself
the other person as a human being.
An interest to spend yourself with
other person.

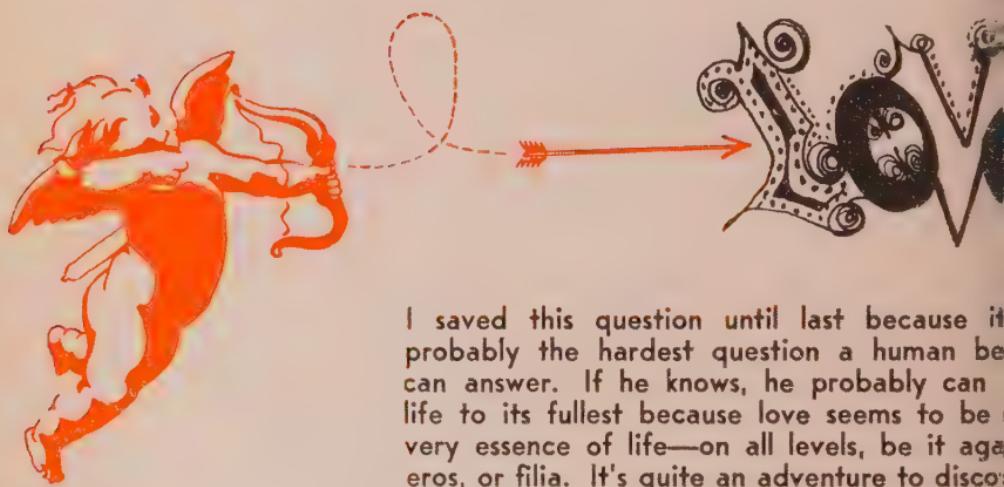
—Darrel Weybright/17/Syracuse, Ind.



You don't define emotions; "love is." —Terry Rothrock/18/McPherson, Kan.

Until I have experienced "love," I will continue to be cynical as to its existence.

—Tom DeCoursey/17/McPherson, Kan.



I saved this question until last because it is probably the hardest question a human being can answer. If he knows, he probably can live to its fullest because love seems to be the very essence of life—on all levels, be it agape, eros, or filia. It's quite an adventure to discover.

—Mary Krehbiel/18/McPherson, Kan.

"Love is a deep, a dark and a lonely," Sandburg.

—Martha Nace/16/, Becky Rands/18/, Louise Merridue/17/E. Northfield, Ill.

An emotion of caring, sharing, helping no matter what the circumstance. I love almost everyone and that means I care.

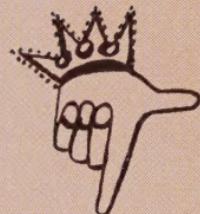
—Jeanne Gingrich/16/Toledo, Ohio

Love is knowing all about a person and still accepting them for the person they really are without trying to change them.

—Paula Schloneger/17/Plymouth, Ind.

iversal love is brotherhood and peace between men. There is also family love; romantic love. Love is a feeling or desire that can never be fully defined.

—Carolyn Davis/16/Stoneham, Mass.



Love is a gift of God. It is the detail in his plan for us that binds us to someone or something.

—Dave Heidemann/16/Brookfield, Wis.

Love is a very overused word, meaning different things to different people. To me it's the feeling of special affection that can be "achieved" toward only one person.

—Judy Harbaugh/16/Waterloo, Iowa

God is love. Love is a feeling where one person's happiness and welfare is essential to your own.

—Debra Krikorian/18/Los Alamos, N. M.

1 Corinthians 13. —Eleanor Widdowson/17/Indiana, Pa.

A line drawing of a hand holding a heart. The word "LOVE" is written in a stylized, bubbly font across the top of the heart. The hand is simple, with fingers and a thumb.

—Susan Grow/15/Mobridge, S. D.

Love is an emotion and it is too beautiful, deep, and overpowering to put into words.

—Holly Willman/17/Indianapolis, Ind.

CREATIVE ARTS 1970

■ WELL, AND HERE WE ARE—your friendly judges—reminding you that it's time for you to think about entering our 1970 Creative Arts Competition. Unlike the judge described in Jean Deken's poem (which was an entry in last year's competition), we make no changes, decisions, or suggestions about the material you send to us—we simply choose what, to us, is the best of the entries sent to us in the various fields of creative writing, art, and photography. Then we publish them in our special Creative Arts issue or issues of YOUTH. Those whose entries are chosen for publication will receive a check for \$25.00 when the Creative Arts issue(s) is printed. We hope *you* will consider entering this year—just follow the simple rules listed on the opposite page. All entries must be in the mail to us by May 1, 1970. ■

CREATIVE ANNIHILATION

"Hello.

Here I am, your friendly judge. I've come to see what you have written.

A poem you say?

... It's very good . . . Except, I don't much like the rhyming scheme."

"You don't?"

"No, I'll tell you what I'll do, though.

I'll take it home and bit by bit I'll

Carefully go over it.

You see, you've got the words

All wrong. You don't mind if I

Change it, do you, just a little bit?"

"Well . . . I guess . . . but, please . . ."

"Oh, I'll be careful; You'll see.

And when I'm finished it will be

Perfect, A Glorious work of art."

"But, I don't want it to be perfect, I want it to be me! You've missed the point . . ."

"Of course . . . there, it's finished; read it. . . . Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, it's beautiful. You might even say it is Perfect, but . . ."

"You see, I knew you'd like it . . ."

"But now it's a collection of beautiful words, Lovely words . . ."

"so?"

"Now it has no meaning."

Twenty-five dollars will be given to each young person whose piece of creative work is reproduced in our 1970 Creative Arts Issues) of YOUTH magazine. Entries may be made in the following categories:

CREATIVE WRITING/We welcome any type of creative writing you'd like to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, true-to-life, drama, whatever you feel like writing. Creative Writing entries will be returned.

ART WORK/You may submit any type of art work which can be reproduced in YOUTH magazine. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, collages, gags, editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract—any art expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations—the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15" or smaller than 4" x 5".

PHOTOS/Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There is no limitation on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size.

CULPTURE/If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding, or wood working which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or a group of photos which best present all the dimensions of your work.

Here are the rules and guidelines:

You must be younger than 20 years of age.

Your entry must be your original work. It may be something done as a school assignment, something done for your own enjoyment, or something done especially for the competition—but it must be YOURS.

Each person may submit a total of five entries.

Each entry must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home address (street, city, and state). We would also be interested in knowing your local church affiliation.

CREATIVE WRITING ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED—so please make sure you keep a copy of your work(s) for yourself.

All contributions must be mailed by no later than May 1, 1970.

Send your original pieces of creative expression to **CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS**, YOUTH magazine, Room 806, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries, other than Creative Writing, will be returned.

RULES

THANKS

Thanks a lot, God,
for the resurrection.

No, I don't mean Jesus'
resurrection.

I mean mine.

I used to walk around
All bunched up inside.

My shoulders stooped
My eyes cast to the ground.

And when I prayed to you
I tried to feel pious
I even thought that
You gave extra Brownie points
for sadness.

I shut my eyes
And screwed my spirit up
Like a pretzel
And spit out dusty prayers.

But things are different now
Since that great day
When I discerned the truth of
where you are
And what you want and who
I am

It came that day, remember?
When I felt the truth
That I'm entitled to be me,
To feel my feelings and
claim
My right to love and to be loved.

You don't intend that I be
bound
To any man, to system or
to state—

To parent, teacher or my boss
But only that I exercise
that priceless right
To give love and receive it.

In loving I now find at last
The one whom most I sought
My fellow man, my brother and
MY GOD, I found you, too.

Thanks a lot, for the
resurrection, God!

Thanks a lot! AMEN.

—written by Gerald Jud

